

## A PLAY TO THE GALLERY.

By Cecilia A. Loizeaux.

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It had just dawned upon Philip Smart that Kate Hampton was the girl he wanted. He wondered how he could ever have hesitated or ever have had a doubt. Why, she was simply cut out for him, he thought, as he dressed with care and precision to go and tell her so. "I should have told her months ago," he mentally argued. "She must think I'm an awful dunder." And he wondered anew that he had been such a blind fool as not to know what had been the matter with him all these months. He believed now that he had been in love with her ever since they had gone to the kindergarten and had not known it.

His heart was very light, and he was singing at the top of a lusty baritone voice, "Oh, but I love you, dear!" when there was a thump at his door and his best friend, Fred Bart, dropped in. Fred was also dressed with care and precision and accented Philip with his customary bellow.

"Going up to the Hamptons? Well, hurry up! You must have been dressing for an hour. What makes you so happy—got your salary raised?"

"No!" said Philip shortly. He suddenly felt anything but cheerful. As he knotted his cravat he said many things under his breath, ostensibly at the stubborn tie. "The thermometer of his feelings was dropping. He wondered what in thunder Fred had to go up there tonight for. Couldn't he see when he wasn't wanted? The last time Kate had been not much more than civil."

He finally turned from the glass and wriggled into his coat, with a flushed face. "Well, come on!" he said.

As they strolled up the shady suburban streets Fred did not seem to notice the drop in Philip's spirits, but talked away, with his hand on his companion's shoulder, until Phil began to hate him.

However, when they reached the Hampton house and found two white clad figures on the porch his heart began to bound again. It was quite likely that Fred was going to see Kate's

fellow to hold it, and she did not draw it back, as of course she would have done had it been another fellow.

On Saturday when he asked to take her driving she assented with a proper show of reluctance. "She knows!" he thought. When he called for her in the twilight her mother explained that she was not quite ready yet and said that a girl friend had come to town quite unexpectedly and that she and Kate had forgotten time in their chattering.

Of course the least he could do was to offer to exchange the stanhope for a surrey and ask the guest and Rose to go too.

The guest stayed two weeks, and during that time, though he tried numberless times, Phil did not get to see Kate alone. He waited as patiently as he could—there seemed to be nothing else for him to do—and hoped she would see the self-sacrificing depth of his affection.

He had always known all the Hamptons and had been a frequent caller at the home. The judge liked him and his politics, which he talked to the poor fellow at all seasons. The mother admitted him to the family sitting room and darned the family stockings in his presence. The small brother, Jimmy, admitted that Phil was his equal. Advantageous as was this family friendship in some ways, it was as disadvantageous in others. If by any accident he called and found Kate apparently alone something always happened. The telephone rang and some one wanted to come over for a few minutes, or some presumptuous fool stopped in to see Rose and stayed to talk to Kate.

Phil grew sick at heart, and Kate began to seem a little cool and dignified. He felt that he must speak soon or forfeit the girl's love. She was too proud to help him a bit. One evening he rang her up and asked if he might see her alone. He had something very particular to tell her, he explained. Having gone so far, he swore by all that was holy that he would not leave the girl that night until he had proposed and had had an answer. "If the whole family comes in and stands around in a circle they can't stop me this time," he said. "I'll propose to Kate, and if they don't like it they can move. I won't."

Kate met him at the door and ushered him into the big library, where a great fire was burning on the hearth. It was warm and pleasant after the walk in the frosty air, and he settled himself in the judge's big armchair with a sigh of relief. Kate explained nervously that her father was out of town and then seemed to wait for something. Phil cleared his throat.

"Kate," he began and wondered just what he should say next. Why was it so hard when a fellow had thought of nothing else for weeks?

"Yes?" said Kate encouragingly, and then the front door slammed and in a moment more the judge entered the library. He greeted the young man cordially, sat down on the opposite side of the hearth and began to talk politics. And then Mrs. Hampton came in to see what was the matter. She had heard the front door slam and had thought the judge out of town for the night. In half an hour Rose ran in from making a call in the neighborhood and sat down to toast her toes at the fire.

They all talked comfortably, and no one seemed to notice that Philip's laugh was strained or that the flush on Kate's cheek was more than the usual healthy glow. Then the door was pushed open cautiously, and little Jim appeared in his pajamas.

"What are you all having such a good time about?" he whined as he climbed into his father's lap. "You always leave me out."

Phil's endurance reached its limit right there. He rose, with his square jaw set.

"We won't leave you out this time, Jimmy," he said. "We won't leave anybody out. Call in the kitten, please!" And then he turned to Kate, who seemed paralyzed as she realized what he was going to do.

"Kate," he said, "for weeks and weeks I've been trying every day to get you where I could tell you that I love you and ask you to be my wife. I haven't succeeded for various reasons, so I'll have to do it right here, with applause from the gallery. Will you, Kate?" He was standing over her now, and they held the tableau. The tears were running down her face, but she could not take her eyes from his. When he dropped on one knee beside the chair the family waked from its dream and departed on tiptoe, the judge dragging the reluctant Jimmy by the ear.

"Will you, Kate?" begged Philip. And then they both burst into peals of laughter, which were heard in the dining room by the discomfited family.

But there is good reason to believe that she did, for the judge has been heard to say that he considers his son-in-law the bravest man in the world.

### Quite Sordid

There was a burglar in the room. The beautiful young lady sleeping there was awakened by the flash of his lantern.

"Let us come to an understanding," she said pleasantly. "Are you the sort of burglar I have met in fiction?" "I am not, mum," replied the visitor; "I'm the real thing. I hope that silver on your dresser is too."

"Wouldn't do any good to talk to you about your golden haired baby, then?" "None."

"Got a sick wife at home?"

"None."

"Worthy man, driven to crime by hunger perhaps?"

"None. Just out from me last job."

"Well," concluded the young lady, "I'm disappointed. You're mean to disturb me, and I'm glad that's played out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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# The News-Herald, 111 Short Street.



HE GREETED THE YOUNG MAN CORDIALLY. sister, Rose, who was much more his style, and doubtless in the course of the evening he could get Kate off by herself.

So the four sat on the steps and made merry, and when Phil proposed a walk Fred cordially seconded the idea, and they all got as far as the gate together. Phil thought there couldn't be a better time for telling a girl you loved her than the quiet moonlight night nor a better place than the deserted streets of a quiet suburb. But when they reached the gate Rose decided she wanted a wrap, and instead of waiting for her, as he should have done, Fred strolled on up the street with Kate, and Phil had to wait.

It wasn't a hilarious walk. Rose seemed as out of sorts as Phil, and they were both glad when they reached the gate again and could get away from each other. Phil would not accept Rose's invitation to wait on the porch until Fred and Kate came home. He didn't want to see Fred at all. But he consoled himself with the thought that very likely Kate was as disappointed as he himself, and the very next day he telephoned for permission to come up that evening. It was graciously granted, and he went downtown and bought a ring, being an old fashioned lover.

The next afternoon he chanced to meet Kate on the street, and she stopped him. "By the way, bring over your banjo tonight," she said. "We'll have a little porch party, and your banjo is always so much in demand." And then he began to wonder whether it could be possible that she might not care for him. If she did, why on earth was she always getting a lot of people around when he came? Then his brow cleared. "The dear girl!" he thought. "She is afraid I will see that she cares, and it is her way of defending herself."

The porch party was jolly, and there was a good time, but Phil saw next to nothing of Kate. She was here and there and everywhere, the moving spirit of fun. Nevertheless he felt that he gained a little, for when he said good night he held her hand decidedly longer than he would have wanted another

### SCISSORS AND SIX CANVAS BAGS

THAT BELONGED TO THE CHICAGO SUBTREASURY

Found in Room of Negro Scrubwoman Who Cleaned the Cage That Was Robbed.

Chicago, Ill., April 10.—That a negro scrubwoman, employed in the United States treasury in Chicago, holds the key to the mystery of the disappearance of \$173,000 from the treasury over six weeks ago, is the belief of government officials and secret service men.

Mrs. Willene J. Hudson, the woman in question, probably will be arrested on the charge of larceny. This proceeding was under consideration Tuesday night by the authorities. She has been suspended from government employment and is under constant surveillance.

Stolen property was found in her room when it was searched, property belonging to the United States government.

To be sure, this was of no great value. It consisted merely of a pair of scissors and six canvas bags, such as are used for holding coin. The scissors were stamped "U. S. A." and also written upon one of the steel blades is the name of James Burrell, one of the treasury employees.

It is thought possible that Mrs. Hudson or some other employee in a similar capacity may have picked up the \$173,000 from the floor of Fitzgerald's cage on the night of February 19. The money was missed on the following day. This theory has been canvassed by Capt. Porter and Subtreasurer Bolden, and has been found to be a possibility.

The scrubwoman's premises were searched thoroughly by the secret service operatives and no money was found, but the suspicions of the federal authorities remained strong enough for them to place her under a careful watch. A secret service man was with her constantly Tuesday in her boarding place at 254 Ogden avenue.

### CUBA TO BE FREED.

July 4, 1908 Will Be the Day Agreed Upon.

Havana, April 10.—It appears that July 4, 1908, will be the day when the control of Cuban affairs is given back to the Cuban people.

The liberals are anxious that the final elections be held in December, 1907, and the government turned over May 20, 1908, the anniversary of the inauguration of the first Cuban republic. They also want the municipal and provincial elections held simultaneously.

The conservatives, on the other hand, desire that the final elections be held later than next December and that the municipal and provincial elections be held six months apart.

In view of this division of desire a compromise which will result in the turning over of the control of Cuban affairs on the American holiday is probable.

### LIQUOR OFFERED BY STRANGER

Drunk By Farmers, Who Soon Afterward Fell Dying in the Street.

Fl. Scott, Kan., April 10.—Joseph McKulecky, aged 55, and Josef Salva, aged 35, both of whom live near Burlington, Kan., where they owned farms were poisoned by a stranger, evidently for the purpose of robbery. Both men died a few minutes after they had been found in a dark side street. They had recently sold their farms and were on the way to Springfield, Mo., to look for a new location. They were met here by a stranger who offered them whisky, which they drank. They were taken violently ill and fell in the street. The stranger fled. Strychnine was found in the stomachs of the men.

### Oyster Boats Wrecked.

Newport News, April 10.—In a heavy gale the ocean steamship George Pyman was blown against the schooner George Hudson, badly damaging the Hudson. The Pyman dragged an anchor and is now ashore off Point Breese. The schooner Van Schuyler is reported ashore off Pine Beach. About 200 small boats on the oyster grounds are reported sunk or blown ashore. All small craft in the harbor are in danger of sinking unless the storm abates. No lives have as yet been reported as lost.

### Slayers of Actress Declared Guilty.

Chicago, April 10.—Howard Nicholas and Leonard Leopold were convicted of the murder of Mrs. Margaret Leslie, the actress. Nicholas was sentenced to life imprisonment, while Leonard was given a 14-year term in prison. Robbery is said to have been the motive for the crime.

### Church Steeple Ablaze.

Cincinnati, April 10.—Fire which has probably been smoldering in steeple of Trinity Catholic church here since Sunday, when it was struck by a lightning bolt, burst out early Wednesday morning. The steeple is doomed.

### Prison For Life.

Rochester, N. Y., April 10.—Fred Shultz, the supposed leader of the famous Lake Shore gang, was convicted here of murder in the second degree and sentenced to prison for life. The trial of Kelly and McCormick will come off shortly.

### One Dead; Two Will Die.

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 10.—Chas. E. Newberry, a contractor, was killed and D. M. Curry and William McKinley, employees of the Citico furnace, were fatally shot as the result of a quarrel at Citico.

A man at Coffeyville, Kan., claims to have seen an angel flying over that place last week. This is a new sensation even in Kansas.

"Is that colleague of yours very conscientious?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Gorman. "I never knew him to be tested with the kind of temptation that did not involve the possibility of being found out."—Washington Star.

### THE THIRD HOUSE.

Legislative Annex of the Special Interests in Congress.

The third house, as the lobby is sometimes called, is the legislative annex of the special interests. It is the house of special representatives, and its membership is a curious study in the widely different.

Its meeting place is the lobby and committee rooms of the nation's capitol, the hotel rotunda, the lawyer's office, the street, the banquet room, the little back room, the bar, the road house, the home, the brothel—anywhere the legislator may be found and personally approached. That is the object of a lobby—personal contact with the people's representatives and the influence upon legislation worked thereby.

If legislators were perfect, there would be no lobby. If they were perfectly wise, there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires "to inform" them; if perfectly honest, there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires to "make it worth while;" if perfectly patriotic, there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires for himself "a little personal favor"—at the people's expense. The existence of a lobby is premised on human frailty. It is present to prey on human weakness, to warp the action of the legislative body by appeal to vanity, ignorance, cupidity or fear.—Gilson Gardner in Success Magazine.

### HARDY FERNS.

About Forty Species Are Suited to Outdoor Culture.

Among the hardy ferns are varieties greatly differing in size and form, from a hairlike creeping stem bearing a few simple mosslike leaves to the vigorous growing plants with large leaves, attaining a height of two or three feet. Ferns are interesting and extremely beautiful, especially when grown as specimen plants or in combination with other plants. The varying conditions in which the different species succeed are remarkable. Many of them require a warm temperature, while others do well in cool and shady places.

Of the 4,000 or more species of ferns not more than about forty species are suited to outdoor culture in ordinary soils and situations. These species can be planted in beds, borders or rockeries or in the foreground of shrubbery. As most of them require a somewhat shady place, they are especially useful for filling in places where grass and other light loving plants cannot grow. Perfect drainage is required. The soil should have leaf mold in it, or decayed peat or well decayed sod will answer.

Hardy ferns are best planted in the spring, but they can be planted in the summer if the fronds or leaves are cut back, making it easier for the plants to establish themselves before the winter sets in. From his florist the amateur gardener can obtain cuttings of varieties most suitable for the soil and climate in his vicinity. In the winter the ferns should be given protection, with a covering of leaves, hay or straw.—Washington Star.

Seabrook—Insurance.

### Marie Antoinette's Books.

The unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette possessed an important library of 4,712 volumes, consisting of plays and romances, little books a la mode, the works of Pascal, Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Boileau, Cousineau, Cornelle, Moliere, Voltaire and many others. She loved music passionately and had a large collection of operas in eighty-nine numbers. The bindings were by Blazot and were uniform in red morocco, with the arms of France and Austria stamped upon them. The execution of the work was poor and the decadence in the art of binding evident. The glories of the art of Padeloup and the Deromes had passed away, and the revolution eventually killed whatever knowledge remained of the ancient skill of the bookbinders. Half a century later saw its revival in France, and the art has since flourished both there and on English soil.—London Spectator.

### How Beetles Defend Themselves.

Beetles have other defenses than their cuirass, such as nauseous or caustic liquids, which they expel on provocation, and, strange to say, certain beetles actually exude their blood, charged with noxious products. The practice is confined to the chrysomelidae, some of the timarchae and adamania, the coccinellidae and the meloidae. The blood of the coccinellidae has a strong, disagreeable odor like that of the whole insect. That of the timarchae is odorless, but has an astringent flavor, and in the case of the Timarchae primellodes is venomous. The blood of the meloidae contains much cantharidine.

### A Problem in Golf.

Two young ladies were making their first essay at golf. "Dear me," said the first young lady, "what shall I do now? My ball is in a hole." The second young lady took out a book of instructions. "Let me see," she said, turning the pages. "I presume you must now take a stick of the right shape and get it out." "Oh, yes, of course," said the first young woman. "See if you can find me a stick shaped like a dustpan and brush."

### He Stuck to It.

Her Husband—If a man steals—no matter what it is—he will live to regret it. His Wife—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me. Her Husband—Well, you heard what I said.—Chicago News.

### Obliging.

Prisoner—I'll reform, judge, if you'll give me time. Judge—All right. I'll give you thirty days.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.—Goldsmith.

Judge—Young man, you're making a good deal of unnecessary noise, I think.

Young Attorney—Your honor, I've lost my overcoat and am trying to find it.

Judge—Whole suits have been lost here, sir, with much less noise.—Lippincott's Magazine.